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# YAHOO





WELCOME  
**ALUMNI!**  
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U. OF MASS.

STUDENT UNION

STUDENT  
FUND

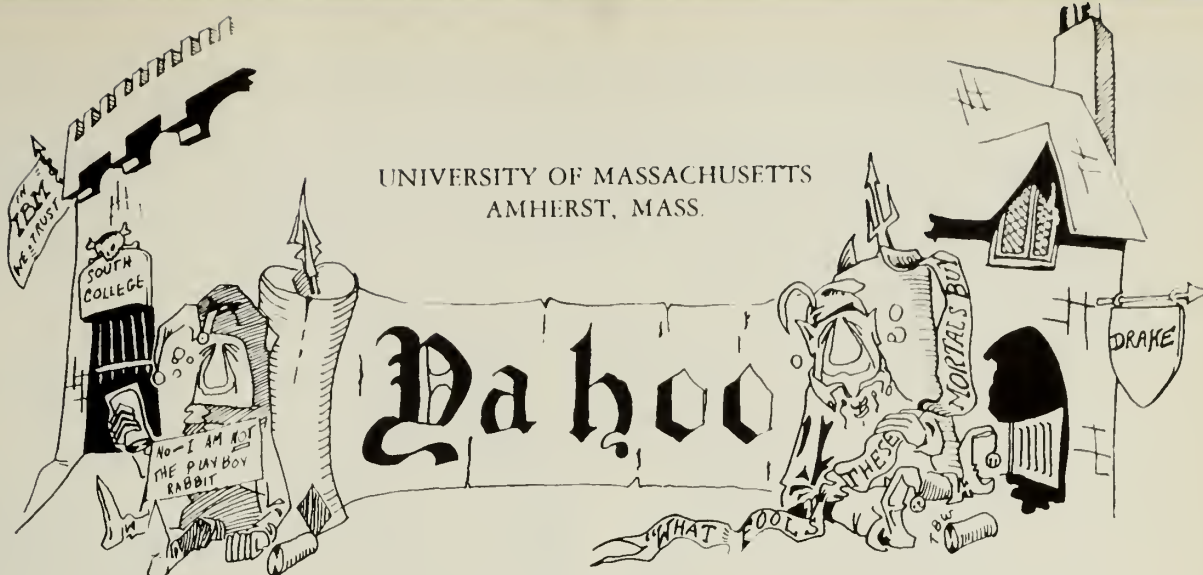
SUPPORT  
YAHOO!

HE

MORE  
MONEY

PAY  
HERE!

G  
\$ \$



UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
AMHERST, MASS.

motto: "Tu travailles; je vois."  
Vic

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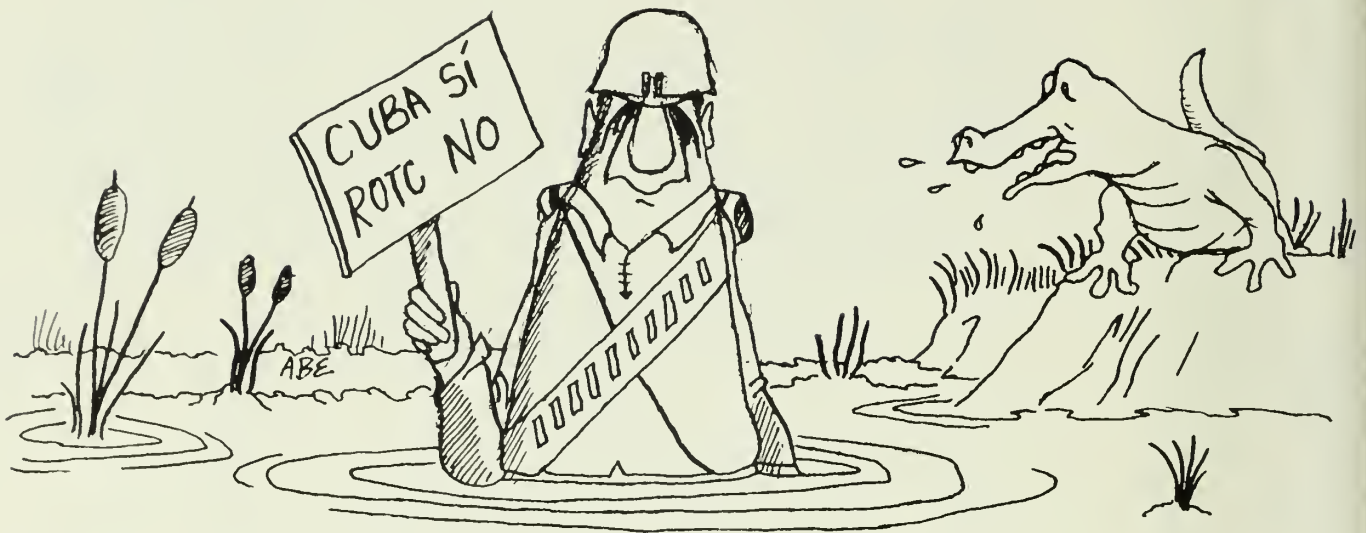
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Ena

*Ya-Hoo* is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published three times in the academic year 1961-62 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to *Ya-Hoo*, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.







## MASS HYSTERIA

Here it is a fall again, the new crop in the field ripening for the harvest, the new Freshman crops ripe for Rotc's picking. Each year, beginning when the air grows colder, and the drill field even more uncomfortable, a flurry of anti-compulsory-Rotc letters begins filling the Collegian editorial page. These protests grow quite emotional, echoing all the past battle cries, such as "CUBA SI, ROTC NO!" and climax with a plea for administrative action and a picket line at the Military Ball.

After the campus police have spirited away the horrid picketers, the administration announces it is considering a new Rotc program. As winter snows numb the soul and extinguish the flame of protest, anti-Rotc letters end for another year. Quaint, isn't it? At any rate, nothing ever does get done

about ending compulsory Rotc, or justifying its keeping to the majority of those involved. Thus we, and the *Collegian* editorial editor—who at last can fill his page—await, amusedly, the traditional "Rotc Totsy", feeling quite secure that no student at this University will win a policy change—this year.

Drifting further toward the ridiculous, *YaHoo* notes with no small humor, the election situation is developing in our despotic state. We would exploit this situation to the fullest, but our lips are sewn shut by purse strings (that is, our lips are pursed to speak). Speaking of elections, what a splendid campaign stunt the Brett House candidates arranged! How come you fellas held it at Brooks?

Then there were the two Senators, D'Avanzo and Samma... Who chose not to run. We are glad Abdul Samma

enjoyed the gifts given him by a friend last summer, and now has decided to leave *YaHoo* senatorially and financially in peace.

One other note of importance in this compendium of campus opinion: *YaHoo*, it has been rumored, is now under a new and deteriorated regime—one dedicated to clean, wholesome humor, and close alliance with RSO and its superiors (like IBM). We of the new staff—the Fourth Triumvirate—consider this story baseless and derogatory. We stand sturdily for all the established seditions that McManus, Wes Honey, Tracy Wilson and Ray Wilson diligently outlined before relinquishing their commands. It is with a pledge to the past that we here in the crowded morgue of our associates, the *Collegian*, assemble the first of the new frontier issues.

Axel



# 

Friday, October 12

Afternoon

YaHoo distributed.

Start of various homecoming debauches at fraternities and sororities

7:30

Float parade starts. A campus tradition for years, prizes are awarded for the most idiotic designs in four categories: fraternities, sororities, men's dorms and women's dorms. After the paraders have wound their merry way through the charming village of Amherst, again fulfilling the sacred duty of bringing culture to the masses, there will be a massive rally behind the Student Union. The President will deliver a speech on the theme of "Publish or Perish" and Coach Fusia will sacrifice three recalcitrant professors, along with four Maroon Keys, three Scrolls, and a pig to the god of 2.0. (Silence will be observed.)

8:00

The Operetta Guild presents its show, "The Best of Burlesque."

8:15

Chief Blasshole closes Operetta Guild show. After seeing the first act, the audience cheers wildly.

Saturday, October 13

YaHoo sold to old grads and old undergrads.

12:00

Tailgate Ptomaine Party for returnees

1:30

Fraternity and sorority debauches interrupted so that members may attend the homecoming game.

2:00

Annual Homecoming Game between UMass Pinkies (Coach Hughes) and UConn Birchers (Coach Goldwater). During halftime, there will be a special contest between the Flying Redmen drill squad, the Bay State Rifles and the Precisionettes. The Precisionettes will win.

7:30

The Operetta Guild will be ridden out of town on a copy of the Mather Plan.

8:00

Homecoming debauch for all non-Greeks. Music by Omer Strintkin and his swinging Hogs.

Fraternity and sorority debauches, resumed 10 minutes after end of game, turn into orgies.

If UMass wins:

9:30

The defeated UConn players are ceremonially sacrificed.

If UMass loses:

9:30

Coach Fusia is hung while an effigy looks sadly on.

In either case, the band will play.

Also during Homecoming, Dr. Ferenc Vali will publish his new book, *Rift and Revolt in Amherst*, the story of the gallant struggle of a small band of UMass students to change the policy of compulsory ROTC.

Michael R. Berrin

Reprinted from *The Collegian* without comment:

Robert W. Gage, M. D., of the UMass Infirmary, has sent an open letter urging students to refrain from "the temptation of assaulting riders" of floats in the Homecoming float parade.

\* \* \*

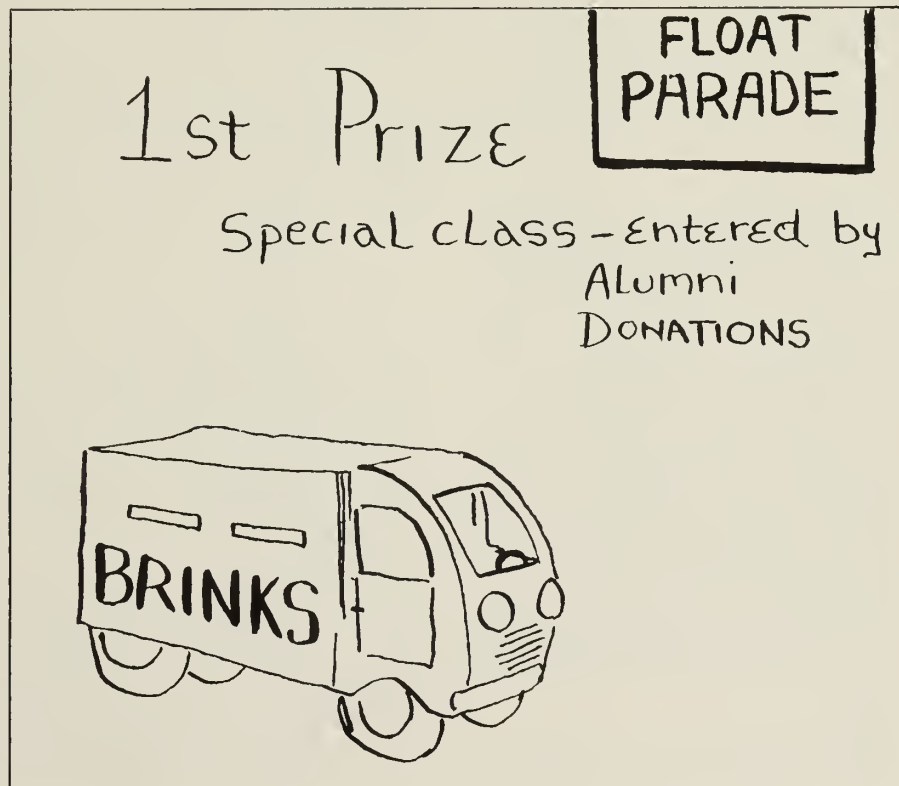
Three chimpanzees sat one day before the hearth, discussing the foibles of the world:

"Ah," sighed one, "if we only could shut out all evil sights, we should be so much better off." And, having a flare for gesticulations, he thrust his hands before his eyes, graphically illustrating his idea!

"Yes," said the second, in agreement, "and if we could only close out all spoken evil..." and he too inclined toward physically illustrating, thrust his hands over his ears.

The third, realizing his two friends were like the proverbial ostrich, thrust his hands over his mouth to prevent his retching in disgust!

Axel





During World War II, as many of the alumni will recall, the army had a quaint habit of applying names to the letters of the alphabet. The primary purpose of the custom was, of course, to enable the officers to learn the English language. Unfortunately, they have not yet comprehended the complexity of these letters and are still saying "Ten-hut!" instead of the clearly understandable "Attention!" All this even though the names have been changed from "A for Able" to "A for Alpha!"

I humbly suggest that the names of the letters of the alphabet be again changed for Rotc instructors so that we poor Helots in compulsory Rotc will be able to comprehend these simple commands. I do not feel, however, that advanced cadets should be forced to take on this exhausting intellectual task unless they plan to be student instructors.

A for Asinine  
B for Boring

C for Confounding  
D for Dry  
E for Exasperating  
F for Foolish  
G for God-D--n  
H for Hideous  
I for Inane  
J for Juvenile  
K for Kaput  
L for Ludicrous  
M for Misunderstanding  
N for Negligible  
O for Obscene  
P for Perverted or Palpable  
Q for Queer  
R for Ridiculous  
S for Sickening  
T for Trivial  
U for Unbelievable  
V for Vindictive  
W for Warmonger  
X for Xanthic  
Y for Yawn  
Z for Zany

by Michael R. Berrini

He: "Do you have a fairy godmother?"

She: "No, but I have an uncle we're not sure of..."

\* \* \*

Then there was the guy who referred to his broken alarm clock as a dead ringer.

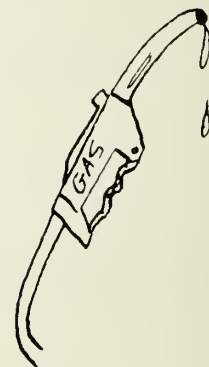
\* \* \*

Reprinted verbatim and without comment from a local newspaper:

FULL and part time married men needed to service our customers in the Holyoke-Northampton area. Our men are averaging \$112 per week. Call JU 4-3744 in Hadley.

## COLLEGETOWN SERVICE CENTRE

*Come in*



*and  
let us  
pump  
for you.*

# ASK THE FEEGE

It has often been asserted that what this campus needs in one of its publications is some sort of an "advice to the lovelorn" column. After all, some papers have Ann Landers or Dear Abbey—or at *least* Bullwinkle—so as a Famous First, *YaHoo* presents to you our own Feege to answer your questions. Address Feege, c/o *YaHoo*, R. S. O. Office, Student Union.

Remember: there's no need to fuss or fidget or say "Oh, Fudge!" Simply write to the Feege for friendly advice.

Dear Feege,

I have a great deal of trouble being identified as an individual in my classrooms. What can I do about this?

Yours truly,

6437814

Dear 6437814,

Transfer to B.U.

Dear Feege,

I haven't been here too long, but I like it here very much. Just the other night a boy from one of the frats took me to see some garden. I guess he was a botany major or something. After a little while, he began to make love to me. I didn't know what to do when he started taking liberties with me, so I let him. It was sort of fun. Is it all right?

Jan '66

Dear Jan,

What are you doing next Friday night?

Dear Feege,

I've already graduated from the University, but I have a serious problem for which I thought you might have an answer. My wife recently gave birth to

a baby boy. I'm a very proud parent, but when I'm left to take care of him, he won't go to sleep. He stays awake and cries. What can I do?

Yours truly,  
John

Dear John,

Take the baby's bottle and mix it with one-third scotch, one-third rye, and one-third bourbon. Then drink it yourself and you won't give a damn.

Dear Feege,

I need your advice desperately. I'm going through a terrible crisis. I have a boy friend and a teddy bear. I like them both, but I can't keep both of them. Which one should I keep?

D. B. '64

Dear D. B.,

For a sensible, intelligent, mature college student, there's only one solution. For safety's sake, stick with the teddy bear; I've never heard of one getting a girl in trouble.

Dear Feege,

I am very upset. There's a conflict between my studies and my social life. If I sacrifice my social life, I'll be unhappy. If I sacrifice my studies, I'll flunk out—which would also make me unhappy. What can I do?

Ray

Dear Ray,

For you, happiness is out of the question. The question is where you would rather be unhappy—the armed forces or school. Take your pick.

Dear Feege,

I've already been graduated from UMass. I don't have any problems or anything. I just want all the students to know that every member of the *YaHoo* is perverted, over-sexed, vulgar, vile, base, repulsive, lewd, lascivious, odious, corrupt, foul, coarse, indecorous, gross, tasteless, licentious, obnoxious, sinful, depraved, vicious, immoral, obscene, malignant, and just plain nasty. And the same goes for the magazine.

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

Thank you. I'm glad you like *YaHoo* so much. I wish more people felt like you and realized all that we offer. Thanks again for your sincere compliments.

Dear Feege,

I'm here on a full skolarship and I find that theres not enuf intelefetual simulation. I think something should be done about this.

"Moose" '66

Dear Moose,

You're right; something should be done about it.

A certain Persian Shah went on a hunting trip, leaving his second in command, the Shan, in charge of the palace. One day the Shah went berserk and raced through the palace slaughtering people with his heavy sword.

The same evening the Shah returned. The first sight that greeted him was that of two servants picking up dismembered torsos and putting them in a basket. When the Shah inquired as to what had happened, the first servant looked up and said, "Where were you when the fit hit the Shan?"

\* \* \*

A play produced in a brothel is produced in an improper manor.





### Has the coffee in the Hatch been tasting different lately?

"But Winnie, don't you make a 'V' with two fingers?"

It had been a busy day for Mother and to make matters worse her small son came running into the house with his pants torn.

"You go to your room and mend those pants yourself," she ordered, "and don't let me see you out here until the job is done."

A little later she went in to see how the repair job was coming along. The pants lay on a chair and the door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. The mother called down sternly, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

A deep voice answered, "No ma'am. I'm reading the gas meter."

Sign on Sorority Row: "Please drive slowly. The child on the street may be yours."

King: "Where's my queen?"

Squire: "In bed with arthritis, m' lord."

King: "That Greek bastard here again!"

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free,  
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed  
Upon a drink that's being mixed,  
A girl who looks at boys all day  
And thinks of ways to make them pay.  
But girls were made for fools like me,  
And who would want to — a tree?

"Are you sure this motel is University approved?"

The car sped off the highway, went through the guard rail, rolled down a cliff, bounced off a tree and finally shuddered to a stop. A passing motorist who had witnessed the entire accident helped the miraculously unharmed driver out of the wreck.

"Good Lord, mister," he gasped, "are you drunk?"

"Of course," said the man. "What do you think I am—a stunt driver?"

"What is the name of the drink you have when you mix Vodka, Orange Juice, and Milk of Magnesia?"

"I give up, what it?"

"A Phillips Screwdriver."



**'JOY' MAKES DISHWASHING  
ALMOST NICE!**





GARY HOLTEN

# METROPOLIS

A certain wave of longing can be seen sweeping over groups of UMass students from time to time, especially in those long, though infrequent, stretches between vacations. According to the most reliable Infirmary reports, these affected students are said to be from Greater Boston and particularly from an area within a ten mile radius of Cambridge. These young men and women, otherwise healthy and alert, long for that intellectual center of fun and frolic—Harvard Square.

Now, we here at the Commonwealth's University are located but a pleasant fifteen minute walk from downtown Amherst, in the sleepy, though not dead, Pioneer Valley. By joining forces with the Townies' august and liberal body, the Chamber of Commerce, the Town of Amherst could become the glittering, insomniac jewel of the Valley simply by creating a "Harvard Square" image in uptown Amherst.

It shouldn't be difficult to persuade the proprietors of Keito's to change their decor, cuisine, and language to become an Amherst Square Wursthause; Baucom's, by change of signs and fairer used book prices, would become a local Barnes and Noble; Shumway's, of course, with its big plate glass windows, would make a dandy Hayes-Bickford. But the one move that will make or break our project is the MTA station.

The most likely location of our MacLernon Transit Authority station would be in the heart of midtown Amherst, that milieu surrounded by the ebb and flow of humanity and traffic, the Amherst Common. Fortunately, unlike Bos-

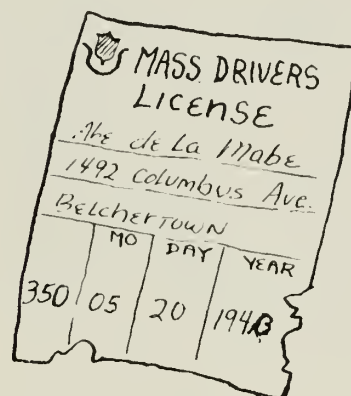
ton there are no cows to block inevitable progress; in fact, on the Amherst Common there aren't even any people. And the MacLernon Transit Authority could be prevailed upon, with the aid of a cleverly veiled threat by the Carmen's Union, to supply us with an authentic mock-up of an MTA station presently in storage.

With the aid of the shrewdest minds on campus, the Amherst Rural Development project could be made profitable. This would be accomplished by accepting bids from TEP and AEPi for the ticklish management involved. After a hole of suitable depth and width has been excavated by Stockbridge students, engineers would install clicking turnstiles and poor lighting in keeping with MTA standards. The necessary reality would be attained by full color, cinematic films taken at the height of the crush hour in Park Square station, with stereo hi-fi background sounds of arriving and departing subway cars supplied by WMUA. That peculiar subway aroma, Electrified Essence of Perspiration and Urine, could be bottled at the original Harvard Square station and piped into the ARR project.

Then for twenty-five cents a throw we could regale the Townies with an authentic subway trip. With a little promotion, crowds would come pouring in from the surrounding sub-suburbs; Montague, Leverett, Granby, et cetera. Business would skyrocket. Population would boom. The American Football League would expand to Amherst. Then the crowning touch which would mark the elevation of the town to the title of "Metropolitan Amherst": a Parking Problem would ensue.

*Joe Bradley*

## A Necessity



at

**C & C**  
**Package Store**

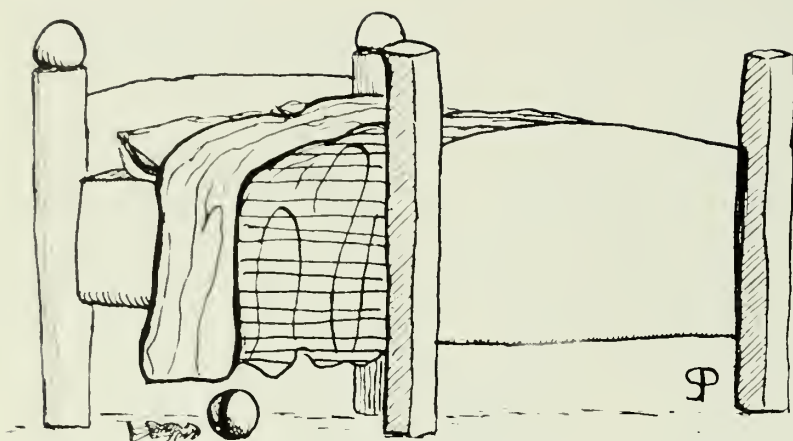
## Need A Smoke?



Go to

**AUGIE'S**  
**SMOKE SHOP**





GEE, JOHNNY, THIS SURE IS A FUNNY WAY TO  
PLAY HOUSE.

A BRIEF DISSERTATION  
written  
IN THE LANGUAGE  
of  
THE SOUTH POLYNESIANS  
upon the subject of  
FIVE GUARANTEED  
NEW WAYS TO  
IMPROVE YOUR SEX LIFE

Er silokem seitali barl ee solulu. Erd  
crax oe ali, a ropoli apeilo loowi ee o  
mei mooni arki saolue. Wascio cruos  
ohd ki ron ddi ee iybn dre eighdemrh:

1) Aro freg slavosiry craz llozi. Ee  
bix holitu massd porew quarnd, arfs  
ee iloto oo sreep, aud smellg arog wim.

2) Crees frok lilp so linej ao siepjn-  
kil sio o eeloi. O paroot a ilbath atoiw  
parti.

3) Slagel araba parooti, sel obeeze  
abrasomi. Abрал o ag.

4) Avarslag workon oocyn i serp  
dynoot speant asa snor wy lef asnib etil  
ctub sonp pbeu ee bubbigy sei se sey-  
bofjyb, i syeii syeen owu itrub ub env  
rekoyv texjal tej yrdvib.

5) Thanlop loobi!

(NOW don't you wish that you  
could read South Polynesian?)

J. D.

Rumor has it that manufacturers of  
a certain feminine garment are current-  
ly making only three kinds: The Rus-  
sian type, the Salvation Army type, and  
the American type. The function of the  
Russian type is to uplift the masses, the  
Salvation Army type to raise the fallen,  
and the American type to make moun-  
tains out of mole hills.

\* \* \*

"Use a bottle opener, Granny; you'll  
ruin your gums."

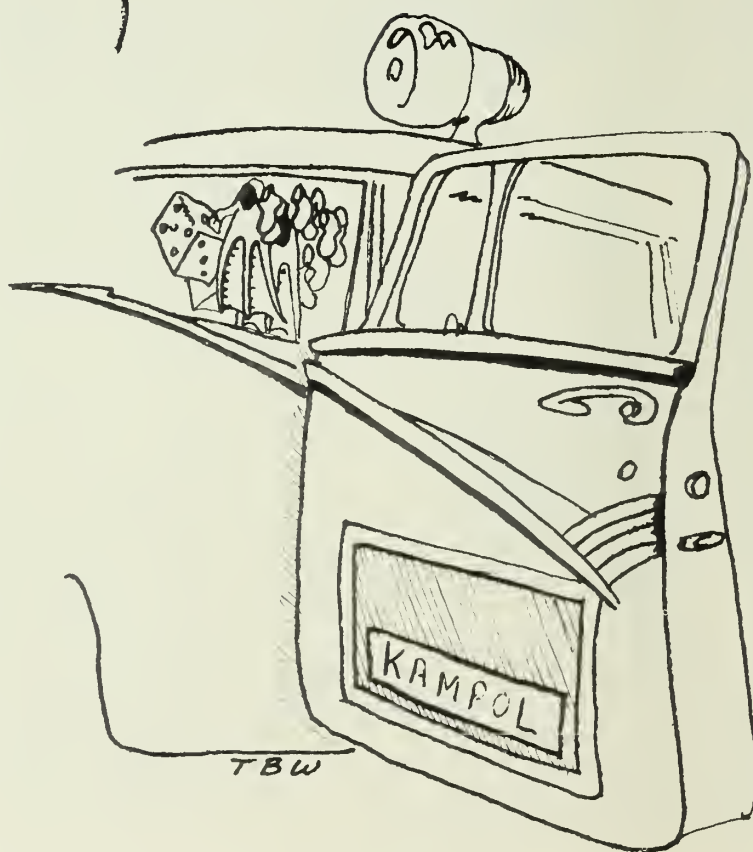
\* \* \*

"But, darling, this isn't our baby."

"Shut up; it's a better carriage."

\* \* \*

Writing a joke column is rough. If a  
story is funny enough to tell, it's been  
told; if it hasn't been told, it's too  
clean; and if it's risqué enough to inter-  
est a UMass student, the editor will get  
kicked out of school.







# YA-HOO *Queen*

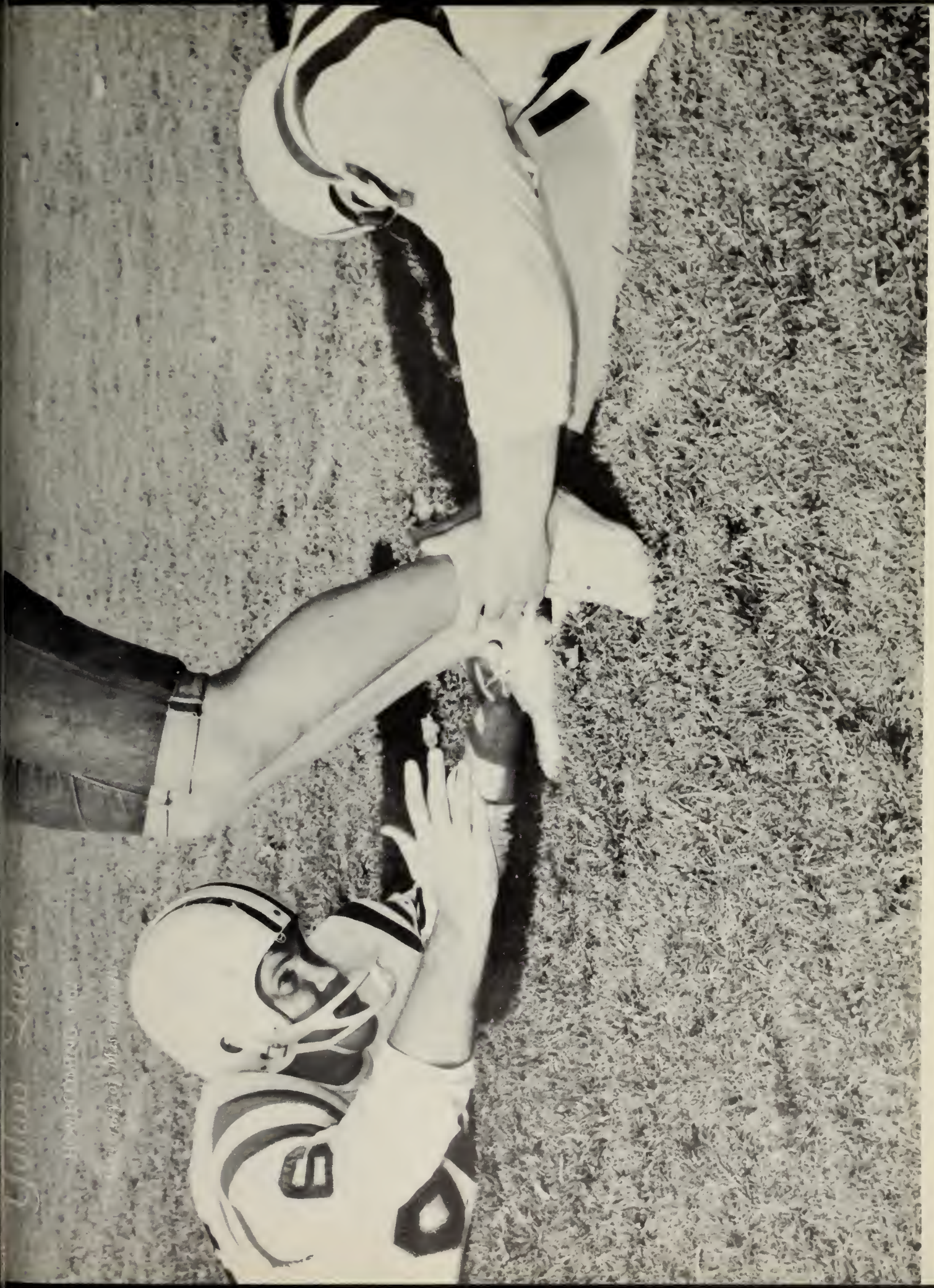
MISS CAROL ESONIS  
OF BOYLSTON  
CLASS OF '64

*Pictures by  
Award-winning Photographer STAN PATZ*









Calvin Green



Good Dr. Kinsey is a whiz  
Who studies sex by giant quiz.  
He's probed within our private lives,  
Knows husbands' habits and their  
wives'.

He's hep to all the quips and quirks  
That motivate the squares and jerks;  
Revels the strange and curious elves  
Who limit play unto themselves;  
Prescribes the queers and all those ticks  
Performing quite irregular tricks.  
He's catalogued the frigid quail  
Who finds no pleasure in her tail;  
The oversexed, the undersexed,  
The long frustrated and perplexed;  
The sneaks who keep desires hidden  
But always dream of things forbidden;  
And wolves who can't control their  
urges,

Men in whom insanity verges.  
Now all these types he writes about  
After his quite thorough scout,  
But he neglects entirely  
A matter that much interests me:  
With all this knowledge at his touch,  
Is Doctor Kinsey getting much?

Arnold Kraft  
Warren Miller

# BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

*From My 36th Year, line 36*



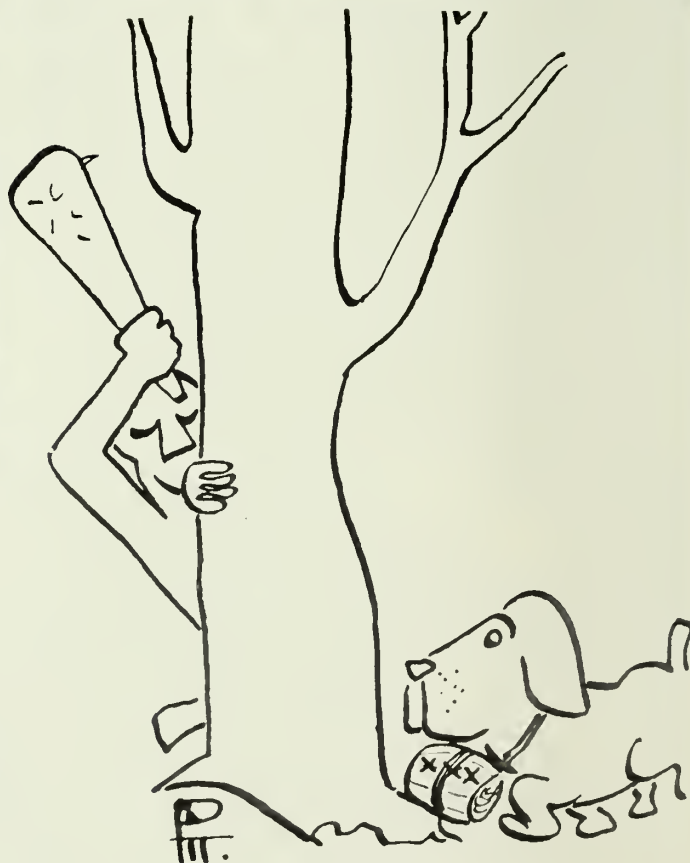
Still only 5¢



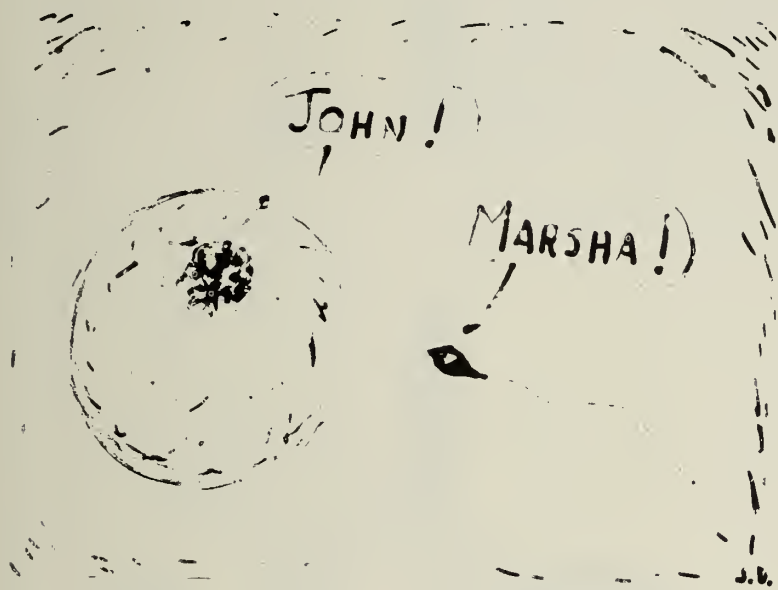
## THE SAFE WAY to stay alert without harmful stimulants

NoDoz keeps you mentally alert with the same safe refresher found in coffee and tea. Yet NoDoz is faster, handier, more reliable. Absolutely not habit-forming. Next time monotony makes

you feel drowsy while driving, working or studying, do as millions do . . . perk up with safe, effective NoDoz tablets. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.







**ROBUSTELLI'S**

**VILLA**

BIRTHPLACE OF

**CRAP**

(Centralist Revival of  
American Patriotism)

**America's First  
Extreme  
Center Group**



*When You  
Think of*

**Robustelli's  
Pizza**

*Think of*

**CRAP**

## 'A BIT LIKE JACK DOUGLAS'

Alas, poor Adolph, I knew him well! It was a damp, drizzly day, our 31st in the mountains, and we were squeezing the juice from hot-house bananas, to make a base for our roll-on deodorant. Suddenly, Adolph leaped to his feet screaming, vomited, began bleeding from the mouth, and ran about ripping off his clothes—he did these things occasionally so he'd have something to talk about at dinner. At last he ran out of clothes, stopped running, sat down, contentedly began picking belly-button lint from his ears, and said he thought we'd squeezed enough for the day.

It was then I could tell something was wrong with Adolph; those were the first words he'd spoken in nineteen years, since his vocal cords had been stretched during a severe thunder storm. We were both amazed by his words and at once I encouraged him to speak again.

"Come on Adle, old boy, speak! Say Narraganshit! That's it; you've done it!"

At last, we could leave our wretched mountain huttle and face the world, with a new cry of hope. At last a replacement for Curt Gowgy! Hurriedly we wrapped our toothbrushes in banana peels and went to the garage for the cattlehack.

We arrived late for tea, but in time to lay bare our discovery to the world. But the people of good Boston had no desire to change, and we were immediately banned. Being of good heart, we immediately banned Boston, and plodded to New York to see if we could sell cigarettes. There, in a flannel-covered Madison Avenue waiting room, we made a second shocking discovery—Adolph once more could not speak. (Little did we know, it was because his mouth was full of banana.) Disheartened, we turned to leave, when

suddenly a smoke-covered executive ran from his office, seized Adle, and carried him off.

I did not see my friend again until I happened by a television. There, in silent glory, stood Adolph, arms folded, grinning as people sang to him. And then... it was awful, large letters "Mister Clean" flashed across the screen and he turned into a bottle.

"Do you believe in free love?"

"Have I ever sent you a bill?"

\* \* \*

"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said, with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said.

Axel "I didn't know your condition."





3



5



Z. Z.

Abe



## Why Little Red Riding Hood Has Fleas In Her Beard

a story by Arthur Godfrey  
with an introduction by Rainer Bert-  
rams

Once upon a scene there was a kindly old woodcutter. (He doesn't have a thing to do with this story, but every fable worth its salt has to have a kindly old woodcutter.)

Anyway, once upon a scene, a chick named Red Riding Hood was sent by her old lady to her grandma's pad to lay a basket of goodies on the old gal... which included bagels, lox, cream cheese, chocolate-flavored pizza, a chicken-fat popsicle and a bottle of 100-proof cough medicine. Halfway through Woodsville, the chick was accosted by a Wolf, which for her was par for the course.

"Like what's your cognomen?" asked the wolf.

"Red Riding Hood," said the chick.

"Crazy," said the wolf... "Where'd you latch on to the kookie handle?"

"Like I'm named for these crazy crim-  
son threads I'm dragging," explained Red.

"Endsville," shouted the beast, "Where could I find a Hood like that?"

"You want a hood? See Eliot Ness!" cracked the chick, and off she hipped, leaving the wolf drooling.

Next Scene... Clearingsville. Red Riding Hood pulls up in front of her grandmother's pad, and walks into the walls with her basket of goodies.

"Man," shouts Red... "It's as dark as Birdland in here. What's going on... a Zen meeting?"

"Sorry, baby," shouts the Wolf, faking out as the old lady. "I'm hung up with the virus Bit!"

"I dig," says Red. "Which way to the bar?"

"Over here on the slab, sweetie," groans the Wolf. "Like I'm beat! Did you bring me some bread?"

"No, only food, Granny," sings out the chick.

"Don't put me on, baby," wails the Wolf. "And move in closer so I don't miss the solo."

So Red Riding Hood moves closer to her grandmother's Castro convertible, saying, "Straighten me, Granny... You got big eyes!"

"Doesn't everybody?" cracks the Wolf.

"The better to watch your frantic frame, baby!"

"But Granny," shouts Red. "What's with the wild ears?"

"Cool it, honey," calls out the Wolf.

"The better to dig your too-much jazz!"

"Granny, what hip hands you have!" cries Red.

"Man, like I need 'em to play with the 4-H Club!" cracks the Wolf.

"The 4-H Club?" asks Red. "Yeah," says the beast... "Meaning Hampton (Lionel), Hackett (Bobby), Hawkins (Coleman), and Heft (Neal)!"

"But Granny doll," screams the chick.

"What an embouchure you got there... well-to-wall chops!"

"The better to swallow you, baby!" howls the Wolf, ... leaving his slab as if it were a launching pad.

"Like help!" shouts Red.

Just then, a free-lance woodman passes the pad, digs the scene, and rushes in.

"Save me, Woodman!" wails Red.

"Like how?" inquires the Woodman.

"Did you bring your axe?" screams Red.

"Yeah," says the Woodman, uncrating his trombone. "But I forgot my cabaret card."

"Well," moans Red, "don't you know my Grandmother's been eaten by a Wolf?"

"No, I don't," says he, "But whistle a couple of bars and maybe I can fake it!"

While Red and The Woodman fall down laughing over this tired old gag, the Wolf eats both of them. Later, the Wolf is booked into the Metropole as a combo... and so far as I know, they're all swinging happily ever after.

## Finest in Haircuts Since King Phillip's War



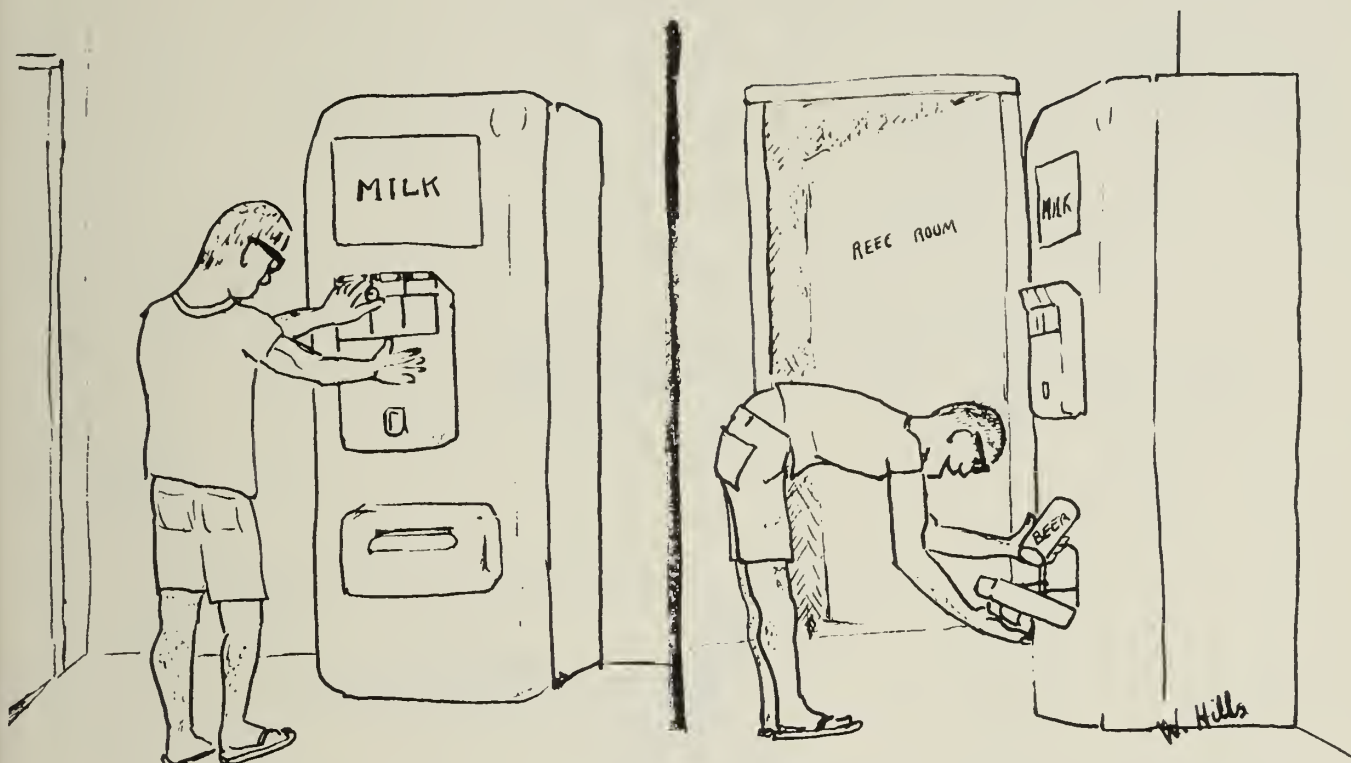
## SCALP SHOP

## EAT HIGH OFF THE HOG



## Louis Foods





"Now here's my plan . . ."

H. O. R.

What has happened to our sweet little old housemother who is now referred to, for the sake of dignity, as a H. O. R. (Head of Residence)?

\* \* \*

In politics, "Digression is the better part of valor."

\* \* \*

A sheepish fellow named Jeffery is called Mutt'n Jeff.

\* \* \*

Have you heard about the new play about to hit Broadway? It's to be called "My Wild Irish Lexicon" (or "A Play on Words"). It's the story of a budding young philologist and his conflict with an anti-semantic young friend.

\* \* \*

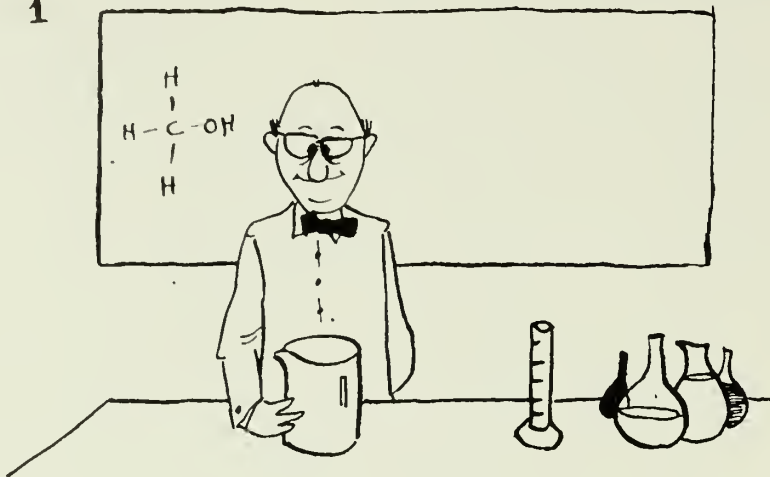
There was a young lass from UMass Who, at an Amherst man, made a pass;

As he sat down beside her,

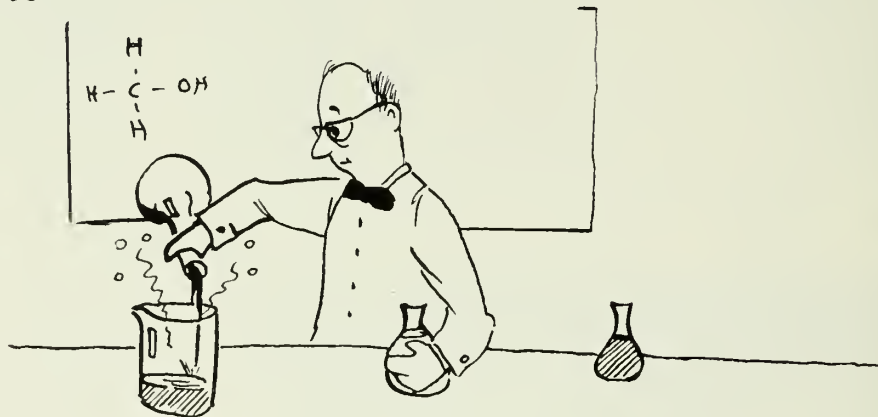
Dean Helen espied her,

And swatted her in—by eleven.

1



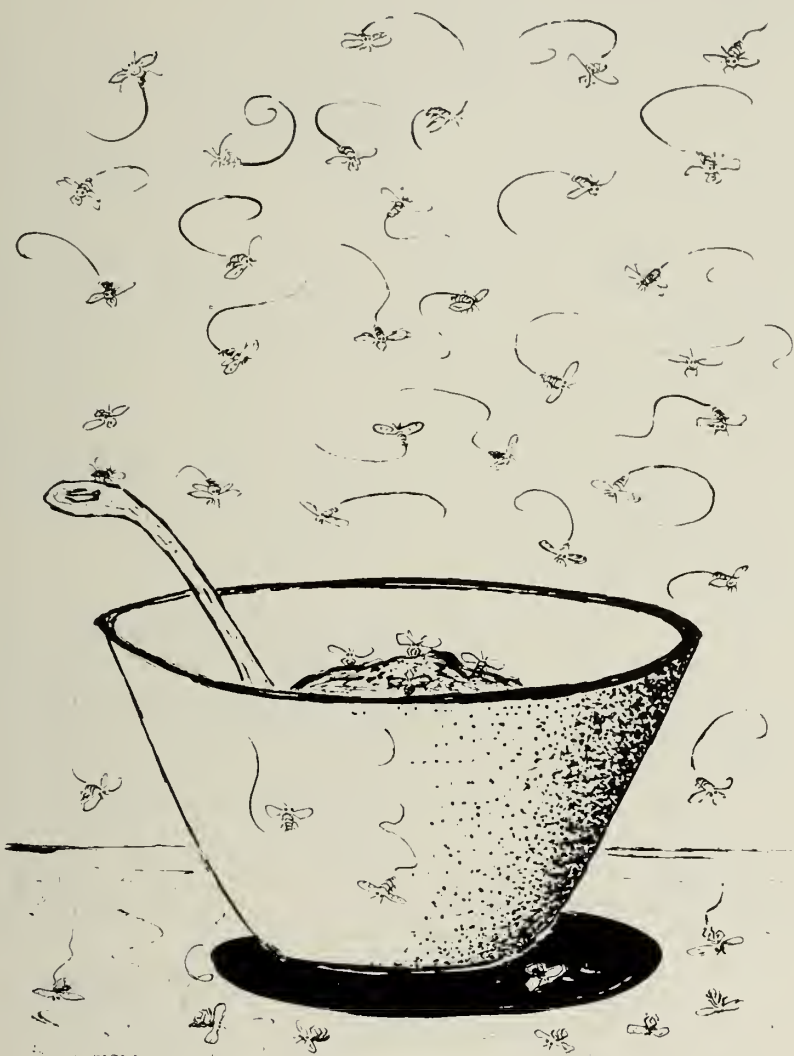
2



3



W. HILLS  
ABE



**Eat at the Commons . . . 50 million flies can't be wrong!**

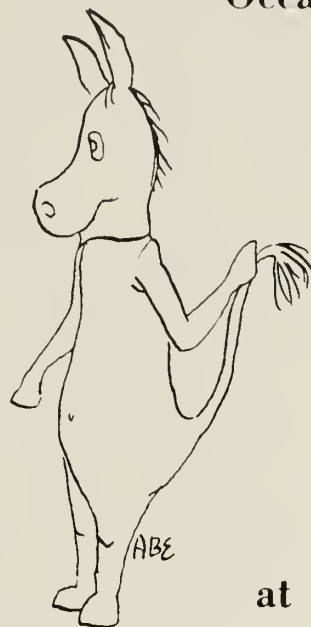
Of course it would take someone like *Yaboo* editor to drive a Pontiac Tempest; it gets variously referred to as a Pontiac Tempress or a Tempest Tantrum; and, naturally, hanging from the rear-view mirror is the proverbial "teapot in a Tempest." And all we ever hear are complaints; the other day the car's owner informed us that the crankcase wouldn't crank, the generator wouldn't generate, the distributor would not distribute, and the pistons wouldn't work either.

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantages of total abstinence were told of a man of 102 who had never touched a drop of the stuff. They rushed to his home for a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line they heard a violent commotion in the next room—furniture being broken, dishes smashed, and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?"

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhausted to the pillow, "that's Pa, drunk again."

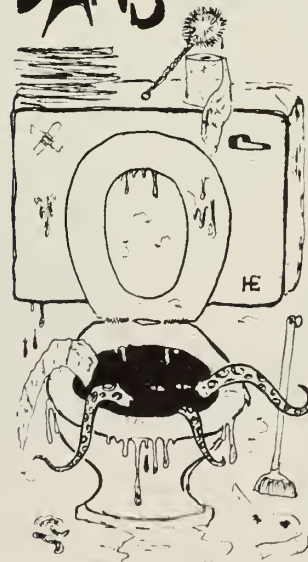
**Clothing for Every  
Occasion**



at the

**House of Walsh**

**CLEAN**  
(YOUR OWN)  
**REST ROOMS**  
AT  
**DAN'S GULF**





JAIL BAIT!



An Indian in full regalia—feathers, war paint, tomahawk, and all—walked into a plush New York restaurant. The headwaiter said to him, "Do you have a reserva . . . —oh, never mind; I'll get you a table. . ."

\* \* \*

Mother: (Entering unexpectedly)  
"Well, I never . . ."

Daughter: "But mother, you *must* have."

\* \* \*

It is a scientific fact that every time you become inebriated you destroy 1000 brain cells. How many are you going to destroy this week-end?

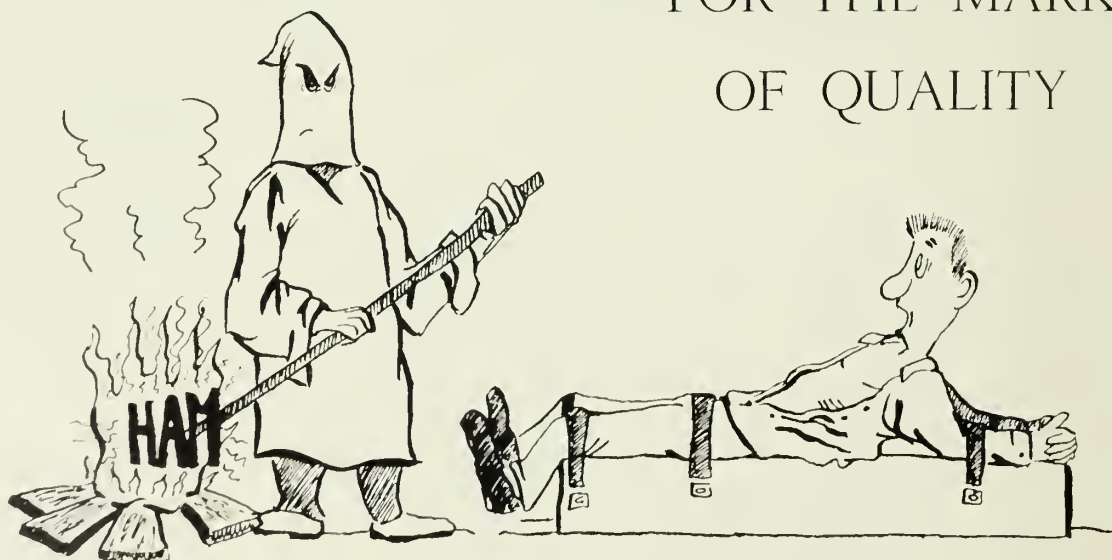
\* \* \*

Doxology

Praise IBM, from whom our schedules flow.

Praise IBM, ye pedagogues down below.  
Praise it above the scheduling office host;

Praise IBM, Father, Son and Campus Ghost.



FOR THE MARK  
OF QUALITY

HAMILTON I. NEWELL, INC.  
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It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."

\* \* \*

Grandma Jones had lived alone in her spinster's cottage for many, many years. She seldom ventured further than the front gate and that was only to get mail. She seemed, however, to enjoy her life of solitude.

"But how do you stand the everlasting silence, Grandma?" asked one of her neighbors one day.

Grandma looked fondly at two kittens that were playing with a ball of twine on the floor. "Oh," she said with a playful gleam in her eye, "when it gets so quiet that I can't stand it any longer, I just kick hell out of one of the cats."

\* \* \*

"What kind of roommate do you have?"

"Well, last night he hit his knee on a chair, and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects!'"

Papa Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Mama Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Baby Bear: "Barf."

\* \* \*

It has been brought to our attention that there are actually still some people on campus who don't know the difference between poetry and prose; we consider it our patriotic duty to remedy this situation, so here's an explanation:

There was a young girl from Madras  
Who went wading up to her knees ...

That's prose.

If she had gone any deeper, it would have been poetry.

\* \* \*

Tourist Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the United States."

UMie: "Why?"

\* \* \*

Have you heard about the absent minded professor who kissed the street-car goodbye, jumped on his wife, and went to town?

\* \* \*

Latest Russian song hit: "You'll wonder where your father went, if he talks about the government."

\* \* \*

Signs along the highway—

"Soft Shoulders"

"Dangerous Curves"

"Five Gals for a Dollar"

"Try Ethel"

And as a final warning—

"Watch out for Children"

\* \* \*

Little Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin.

He questioned his mother: "Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well ... where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me—and you, too, dear."

Jimmy sat down and wrote the opening paragraph to his composition. "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

## KIM TOY

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The Mighty  
Charge of the  
Angry Alumni

SEE ...

the Opponents  
SQUASH UM by  
50pts. - thrill  
to the BURNING  
of Coach FUSIA!

SEE ...

The Fearful  
SNEAK ATTACKS OF  
the DEAN OF MEN

SEE ...

Dean Hamburger  
MAKE MINCEMEAT OF  
THE FACULTY with  
the JAWBONE OF  
HIS ASS.

the 8th  
WONDER OF  
the WORLD  
A

UM HOMECOMING

HEAR  
ELVIS  
LEDERLE  
sing ...

"WHOLE LOT  
GRAFTIN' GOIN'  
ON"

DON'T YA THINK  
IT'S TIME  
(TO DO SOMETHING)

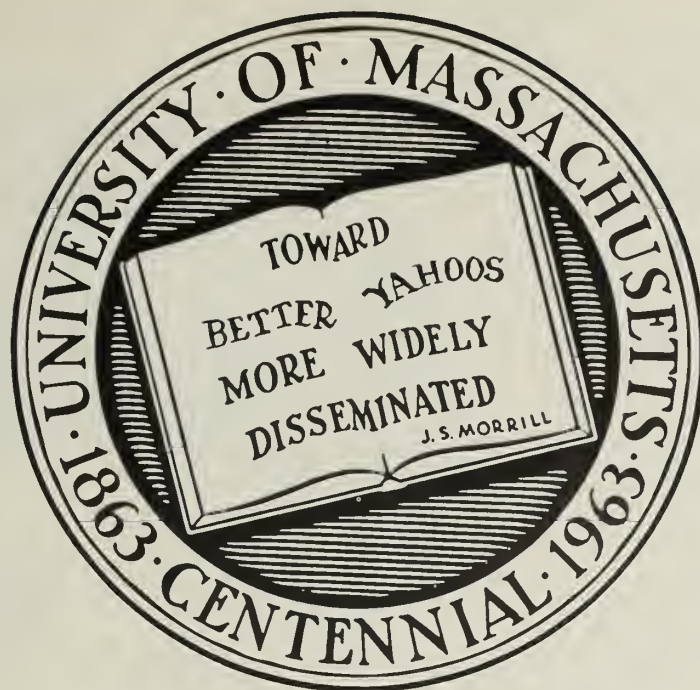


## With ELVIS LEDELER

BILL FIELDS, RED BLASSHOLE  
YUSHNIK

AND A CAST OF (7) THOUSANDS

CENSORED by the R.S.O.



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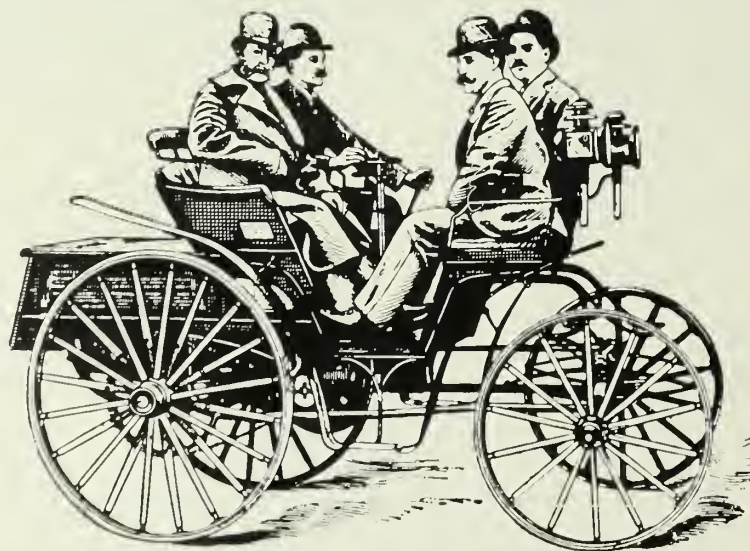
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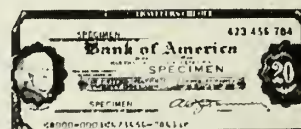
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